

"Yankee" Tools

ONE tool for driving all sizes of screws is the idea of No. 65. It has four screw-driver blades — $\frac{1}{8}$ ", $\frac{1}{4}$ ", $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{8}$ " — carried in a magazine in the handle, as shown by the "ghost picture" in the illustration.

Made with six-inch shank and with one-inch shank.

Mechanics — electricians especially, take to the little one like flies to sugar. The one-inch shank reduces the entire length of the tool to $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches. A man slips it into his pocket and thinks no more about it — until he wants to drive a screw, when it's right THERE, on the job, with just the size blade he needs. It's mighty handy for working in close quarters, too.

The six-inch size (entire length, $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches) makes an ideal screw-driver for all home uses.

The grooved end of shank is strengthened by a web of metal. Blades are securely held by a "Yankee" device, yet are easily slipped in and out with the fingers.

Right and Left-hand Ratchet; and Rigid. Adjustments made by a slide working across the tool.

Ask your dealer for
"Yankee"

No. 65

Magazine Ratchet Screw-driver

With one-inch shank, \$95c
With six-inch shank, \$1.10

TO THE DEALER:
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Lieutenant Nietzsche, however, probably met his death at the hands of some other French patriot in the village; that the Englishman Heseltine was killed by this de Compagnade in one of the dungeons of this fortress château.

"Who told you that?" he flashed.

"I saw him descend into the dungeon, from which he never returned."

"He extended his hands toward the fire as if to warm them; but it was really to conceal their trembling. I went on:

"Ziminsky, now, that poor fellow, was your second officer with whose end the Count had nothing to do. Pardon the liberty I take, Commandant, when I warn you to be on your guard; for I am absolutely certain that de Compagnade is in the château. I will explain."

HAVING delivered, with his own hands, that letter which you found in your bedroom, it became obvious to him that only the aid of unusual stealth, or an unusual disguise, could help him fulfil his promise. I believe that he chose the latter method. Here is my suggestion, which you may accept for what it is worth. The Count's regiment, let us say, was among those which General von Werder urged over the Swiss frontier, where they became interned and disarmed. There de Compagnade heard of the fate of his young wife. We will assume that he adopted the rash and desperate expedient of recrossing the frontier alone, for the purpose of private vengeance.

"On his way to his château we will suppose that he came upon one of those grim reliefs which marked the passing of General von Werder's army, a body frozen by the roadside or in the track of an artillery wagon. This body might give the Count the very disguise he needed. We will assume that the corpse was that of one of the newspaper correspondents who are here, there, and everywhere, and get killed at times. Our Count borrows the unfortunate man's clothes; he takes his sketchbook, his papers, and among the latter, say, a permit from von Werder himself to go forward. Armed in this fashion, especially if he happened to speak good Eng-

lish—or American, which is the same thing—but I see that you follow my meaning."

"Yes, the German saw my drift clear enough. He became still as marble, frozen to his chair. Even his eyeballs, fixed upon my face, appeared to be paralyzed. I shall not forget that moment as long as I live, and the terrible joy which seemed to fill my veins with fire.

AND in this fashion, Commandant, I continued, while I laid a revolver in the hollow of my left arm, with the muzzle covering that dog, in this fashion I take it that Count de Compagnade entered his château. You were deceived. When he had dined with you that first evening he went out as if to see to his horse in the stable; and on his way, stopping outside the window of the dining room, he sent a bullet between the eyes of your second in command. Nietzsche, I repeat, must have been killed by some true Frenchman in the village, on the watch for prey. As for Heseltine, he met the Count in the dungeon I spoke of; actually accompanied him there, in fact. There was a fair fight, and the Englishman's body lies at the bottom of a profound pit. Concerning Ziminsky, who was a gentleman, and therefore differed altogether from such vermin as you, he would certainly have been spared. And now it seems that you are the last—as I, Raoul de Compagnade, promised. I turn you off into the dark without a pang—so!

"I escaped through the window before the smoke had left my revolver. And I rejoined the army in Switzerland without much notice being paid to my absence."

The narrator turned the stump of his cigar round and round between his fingers. No one ventured a comment, and no one removed his gaze from that lean, scarred face over which a convulsion passed suddenly. The sea was climbing up the beach, breaking upon it with monotonous, desolate cries.

"But, as I said," concluded Count de Compagnade harshly, as he rose and walked away, "there will never be another German army of occupation in France, and God grant that our children will never see such a war as that!"

THE FIGHTERS

Continued from page 3

gun with a double charge of powder and twenty buckshot,

"Stranger, that's why I can't bear to see one of them murderer's shotguns any more. I'd be willin' to part with ten dollars if you'd set yours under the house."

Holton George silently rose, and, taking his fowling piece, stepped out of the cabin and thrust it under the floor. He had no idea they meant to disarm him.

"I'm much obliged, Mr. George. You're a white man. Them bones you seen on Jim's grave was the bones of Jim's coon dog, pore old Rush. He stayed right by the grave and wouldn't eat. He starved to death; he died right where you seen his bones. Mr. George, if God Almighty ever made a dog, he shore made old Rush. Mr. George, he's—he's go to bed."

And they did. And, though Holton George was dead tired, he lay awake a long time, wondering how in Heaven's sacred name he could bear to put the irons on poor, sorrowing, big-hearted Zeke Burkett. When he did sleep it was to dream of the traveler he took unto his bosom a snake to warm it.

AFTER breakfast next morning the Northerner shook hands with the mountain folk, and thanked them profusely for their kindness to him. He found that they had dressed and salted his game of the day before, packing it neatly in clean cloths in his gamebag. He thanked them for this also; but did not insult them by offering to pay for anything.

"Mr. George," announced the old mountaineer, as the guest was preparing to depart, "I believe I'll go a little ways with you. We don't have comp'ny often up here, and somehow I hate to see you go. I'll be back in a hour," he called to his wife.

George made some unintelligible reply, and the two started toward the mountain's top. George noted that his companion was not armed. How simple, he ruminated, to capture him when they were over the crest! Then he wished devoutly that Zeke Burkett had not offered to accompany him at all.

When they were half a mile from the cabin, on the slope that led down to Betty's home, the old man halted. "Well, Mr. George, I reckon I'll go back from here," he said, and held out his brown, scarred, work hardened hand.

George felt a lump come up in his throat as he saw it. He took the hand and shook it after the fashion in which he would have

shaken hands with his father. He felt that he must change the subject.

"How came Molly Harrel to die?" he asked huskily, and went on before Burkett could answer, "and what became of Nath Comard?"

"Molly," said Burkett, "jist died. Nath Comard's dead. I killed him—with a shotgun." After a moment he continued, half apologetically, "I was Jim's father, Mr. George; and Jim was the best boy in the world. He was, shore enough."

Struggling with rising tenderness in his heart, Holton George loosed the calloused hand and turned his face down the mountain.

"Mr. George!"

The young Northerner halted and faced Burkett.

"Mr. George, you come out here to arrest me for makin' moonshine," the old man said calmly. "Ain't you a goin' to do it?"

Holton George's eyes flashed like powder fire. "No," he answered firmly, "I'm not. I'm going back to Wallaceville and—and—"

"What?" broke in the old mountaineer.

"Steal Betty Wolfe," exclaimed George; "that is, if I can't get her any other way."

Burkett's grizzled face twitched, and his old eyes twinkled brightly. "I've seen a few mighty white men in my lifetime," he said with feeling, "and you're shore one of 'em. Good day, Mr. George." He turned his face homeward, back up God's everlasting mountain.

And Holton George turned the other way. And both walked a little blindly, a little unsteadily.

THE sun was almost down when the tired young man from the North reached the home of Revenue Officer Henderson Wolfe. He set the gun down in a corner of the veranda and rapped on the door. It was opened by old Wolfe himself, and without a word he led the way into the stuffy little parlor.

"Well?" said he.

"I didn't bring Zeke Burkett," George said wearily, yet with his eyes straight toward Wolfe's. "I couldn't do it." Just then he caught a glimpse of Betty's face in the hall, and there certainly was no sorrow shadow on its beautiful features.

Wolfe squared himself. "My boy," he said, "perhaps I left some false impressions; but 'needs must when the devil drives,' you know. I tried for five years to arrest old Zeke Burkett; but I couldn't for the same reason that you couldn't. It was the hard-

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